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Chip McGuire, a 16-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods is sold by her father to Pete Bolduc, a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Frisble, occupied by Martin, his wire, nephew, Raymond Stetsan, and guides. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Frisble, Journe' of Frisble's party into woods to visit father of Mrs. Frisble, an old hermit, who has resided in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken Chip and Ray occupy same canoe. The party reach camp of Mrs. Frisble's father and are welcomed by him and Cy Walker, an old friend and former townsman of the hermit. They settle down for summer's stay. Chip and Ray are in love, but no one realizes this but Cy Walker. Strange canoe marks found on lake shore in front of their cabin. Strange smoke is seen across the lake, Martin and Levi leave for settlement to get officers to arrest McGuire, who is known as outlaw and escaped morderer. Chip's one, woods friend, Tomah, an Indian. visits camp. Ray believes he sees a bear on the ridge. Chip is stolen by Pete Bolduc who escapes with her in a canoe. Chip is rescued by Martin and Levi as they are returning from the settlement. Bolduc escapes, Old Cy propose to Ray that he remain in the woods with himself and Amsi and trap during the winter, and he concludes to do so. Others of the party return to Greenvale, taking Chip with them. Chip starts to school in Greenvale, and finds life unpleasant at Aunt Comfort's, made so especially by Hannah. Old Cy and Ray discover strange tracks in the wilderness. They penetrate further into the wilderness and discover the hiding place of the man who had been sneaking about their cabin. They investigate the cave home of McGuire during his absence. Bolduc finds McGuire and the two fight to the death, finding a watery grave together. Ray returns to the woods with them, but she, feeling that the old comradeabit, with Ray has been broken refuses. When they part, however, it is as lovers. Chip runs & way from Aunt Camfort's and finds another ho

#### CHAPTER XXVII-(Continued).

Martin had expected this news to be overpowering, and a "Good God!" from Uncle Jud, and a gasping "Land sakes!" from Aunt Mandy proved that it was.

Chip's face, however, was a study. First she grew pale, then flashed a scared glance from one to another of the three who watched her, and then almost did her shame and hatred of this vile parent find expression.

"I'm glad he-no, I won't say so, for he was my father," she exclaimed: "but I want Old Cy to have some of the money, and Uncle Jud here, and you folks, all. I was a pauper long enough," and then, true to her instinct of how to escape from trouble, she ran out of the room.

"She's a curis gal," asserted Uncle Jud, looking after her as if feeling that she needed explanation, "the most curis gal I ever saw. But we can't let her go, money or no money, Mr. Frisbie. I found her one night upon top o' Bangall hill. She was so starved an' beat out from trampin' she couldn't hardly crawl up on to the wagon, 'n' vet she said she wouldn't be helned 'thout she could arn it. I think she's like folks we read about, who starve ruther'n beg. But she kin have all we've got some day, an' we jest can't let her go."

And Martin, realizing its futility, made no further protest.

Something of chagrin also came to him, for, broad-minded as he was, he realized how partial neglect, the narrow religious prejudice of Greenvale, and unwise notice of her childish ideas about spites and Old Tomah's superstitions had all conspired to drive her away. She was honest and self-respecting, "true blue," as Old Cy had said, grateful as a fawning dog for all that had been done for her, and in spite of her origin, a circumstance that carried no weight with Martin, she was one, he believed, who would develop into splendid womanhood. That she was well on her way toward that goal, her improved speech and devotion to these new friends gave ample evidence.

And now Ray's position in this complex situation occurred to Martin; for this young man's interest in Chip and almost heart-broken grief over her disappearance had long since betrayed his attachment.

"I suppose you may have guessed that there was a love affair mixed up with this episode," he said to the two somewhat dazed people.

"I callated thar was, that fust night." Uncle Jud responded, his eyes twinkling again, "an' told Mandy so. 'Twas that more'n anything else kept us from quizzin' the gal. I knowed by her face she had heart trouble, 'n' I've seen the cause on't."

"You have," exclaimed Martin, astonished in turn, "for heaven's sake, in' in his way."

"Oh, down to the Corners, 'most a year ago, 'n' a likely boy he was, too."

"And never told her?" "No, why should I, thinkin' she'd rur away from him. We didn't want to spile her plans. We found out, though, her name was McGuire, but never let on till she told us a spell ago." And

then Uncle Jud told the story of Ray's arrival in Riggsville in search of Chip. That fellow is my nephew, Raymond Stetson," rejoined Martin with pride, "he also is an orphan, and I have adopted him. Chip has no cause to be ashamed of his attachment." "I don't callate she is," replied Uncle Jud. " "Tain't that that linerally makes a gal kick over the traces. Mebbe 'twas suthin some o' you folks

Martin.

said." And then a new light came to

and ours is no exception. In this case it was a dependent of our family who took a dislike to Chip, it seems, and her escapade was its outcome." "Wal, ye've got to hev charity for em," replied Uncle Jud, with a broad smile. joys 'n' sorrows o' love, they look at it the fact that it was not a love match, sorter criss-cross, an' mebber this 'un | mourned her departed companion. The

in' loved, 'n' if they don't get it, they to Aunt Abby. sour up in time an' ain't no comfort to ag'in, not havin' no man nor no babies her story in full. to look arter, they take to coddlin' cats 'n' dogs 'n' parrots, which ain't nat'ral.

"I think," continued Uncle Jud. max came and Chip assured her that 'now that we've turned another fur- good Old Cy Walker was still alive, row, you'd best stop a day or two with Aunt Abby collapsed entirely, sobbing us, 'n' sorter git 'quainted. We'll be and thanking God all at once, is but mighty glad to hev ye, me an' Mandy, a sidelight on this tale. ing loath, Martin accepted.

dressmaker was left to her own re- once cared for Uncle Cy, I went all to sources, Martin and Uncle Jud rigged pieces and told the whole story and

sist that you at least pay us a visit | emerged to win respect and love Here is your bank book," he added, presenting it. "You are rich She still lacked even a common edunow, or at least need never want, for cauch. There was still an old man which we are all grateful. And what seeking to find her, who was yet wanabout Ray?" he added, pausing to dering afar. A homeless, almost "What shall I say to him? friendless old man was he, whose life Shall I tell him to come and see you?" had gone amiss, and whose sole ambi-

Chip shook her head firmly. "No, tion was to do for her and find contert no," she answered, "please don't do in her happiness. A wanderer and re that. Some day I may feel different, cluse for many years, he was still but not now."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Sad news arrived in Peaceful Valley a week later, for Captain Bemis had the young, as he tramped up and passed on, Aunt Abby was in lonely sorrow, and wrote for Chip to come variably says things she'd better not, at once.

Her fate was now linked with these people. Aunt Abby had been kind and to watch mill operatives file out, this helpful, and Chip, more than glad to peering into stores and marts, to go return a little of the obligation, hur- on again, and repeat it for months and ried to Christmas Cove. It was a solemn and silent house

did. Old maids are a good deal like mill's pertinent silence added gloom, cider-nat'rally turn to vinegar. What and Chip's smiling face and affectionwimmin need more'n all the rest is be- ste interest was more than welcome from Peaceful Vallely. "She is an odd And now that concealment was no

> How utterly Aunt Abby was astonished, how breathlessly she listened to in life, go and woo her if you can. To Chip's recital, and how, when the cli-

an' then ag'in thar's a lot o good trout "I couldn't tell you before," Chip as- they had done. Both letters were holes up the brook. We hev plenty to 'sured her, while her own tears still cramped in chirography, but correct in eat, 'n' mebbe a few days here in flowed. "I was so ashamed and guilty Peaceful Valley'll sorter reconcile ye all in one, I couldn't bear to. I never to leavin' the gal with us." And noth- did so mean a thing in all my life, and never will again. But when Uncle Aunt Mandy and Chip now bestirred Jud told me what you didn't, and how themselves as never before. The much he cared for me, and how you





Chip, with Pall in Hand, Hurried Away to the Fields.

Chip, with pail in hand, hurried away | feel so guilty now, and so mean, to the fields, and when tea-time ar- don't see how you can forgive me." rived, the big platter of crise fried But Aunt Abby's forgiveness was trout, saucers filled with fuscious not slow in coming. The past ten days the same with cream that poured in der. In spite of being "book-larned," ple did indeed have plenty to eat.

they had gathered around the table, opened to Chip. "It's very appropriate." ,

Wal," answered Uncle Jud, "we kinder pale, and chawed tobacco stid- you leglly, and when I am laid away dy. He 'lowed his name was Grahame, all I have shall be yours." that he was in the show business 'n' gittin' backgrounds, as he called 'em. fer show picturs. He roved up 'n' down the brook, puttin' rocks 'n' trees her way upward and onward to a betround regular bout meal time-must found a home and mother. 'a' gained 20 pounds while here. An' then one mornin' he was missin', 'n' so was Aunt Mandy's gold thimble 'n' and no home example, only the inborn all her silver spoons. She'd sorter and God-given impulse of purity, self-

There now ensued a series of questions from Uncle Jud in regard to Old Cy-how long Martin had known him, and all that pertained to his history.

gether with all the strange happenings in the wilderness, the finding of duction of her, and much else that has been told. It was almost midnight ere Martin was shown to the best front chamber, and even then he lay awake an hour, listening to the steady prattle of a near-by brook and thinking of all that had happened.

A tone of regret crept into his voice, however, when, after thanking Uncle through a moderate swell, the Virginia Jud and Aunt Mandy, and bidding came across a school of 25 whales 30

them good-by, he addressed Chip. "I wish I could take you back with First the school was sighted not more me," he said; "your return would be than a mile away, and as the steam-"Mr. Walker," he answered impress such a blessing to Aunt Comfort and ship passed they turned and followed sively; "in every village there is al- my wife. You may not believe it, but in her wake. They were finbacks and est subject. is denied to the soverways a meddlesome old maid who in- you are dear to them both. I must in- ranged in length from 80 feet, the ap- cign.

blackberries, and ample shortcake of of sorrow had left her heart very tenclots, assured Martin that these peo- she was very humane. Chip's sad life and misfortunes appealed to her, as "How did this come to be named they had to Uncle Jud, and true Chris-Peaceful Valley?" he queried, when tian woman that she was, her heart

"I hope we shall never be parted while I live," she said, as the tears got it from a feller that come up here came again. "I have no children, and paintin' picturs one summer, an'." no one to live for but my sister. I am chuckling, "'twas all we got for a so wonted to Christmas Cove, I could month's board, at that. He was a not feel at home anywhere else. If short o' skimpy critter, with long hair, Uncle Jud will consent, I will adopt

And so Chip McGuire, waif of the wilderness, child of an outlaw, once sold to a human brute, yet fighting 'n' waterfalls on paper, allus gittin' ter life, despite every drawback, now

No light of education had illumined her pathway, no Christian teaching child there at the lake," Chip said took to him, too, he was that palayer- respect and gratitude; and yet, like a bud forcing its way up out of a muck | know. heap and into the sunshine, so Chip

And what a pitiful quest it wasthis asking the same question thousands of times, this lingering in towns There was still another link in this

But all her history is not told yet

more so now, and out of place as well

among the busy haunts of men. More

than that, he was an object of curios-

ity to all grown people and the jest of

down the land in search of Chip.

"Never havin' suffered the she now entered. Aunt Abby, despite chain-a boy, so far as experience goes, who was only deterred from unwise haste by a cool-headed man. "You had better not go to Chip

now," Martin said to him on his return child of nature, and you won't lose by waiting. My advice to you is to for themselves nor nobody else. Then Jonger needed, Chip hastened to tell get her for the present, find some profitable occupation, and then, when you have made a little advancement try it now is foolish."

It was cold comfort for Ray, One of Chip's first acts of emancipation was to write to Aunt Comfort and Angie, assuring both of her love and est wishes, and thanking them for all spelling, and in Angie's was a note for Martin, asking that he draw \$100 of her money and send it to her, and as much more to pay some one to follow Old Cv. The latter request Martin ignored, however, for he had already set the machinery of newspaperdom at work, and an advertisement for inforfishpoles and started for the brook, sent word to Uncle Cy that day. I mation of that wanderer was flying

> far and wide. Of the money sent her, Chip made odd and quite characteristic uses, only one of which needs mention-the purchase of a banjo. Had Ray known this, and that the tender memory it invoked was the reason for this investment, he would have had less cause for grief. But Ray did not, which was all the better for him.

> > CHAPTER XXIX.

Life, always colorless at Christman Cove, except in midsummer, now became changed for Aunt Abby. For all the years since her one girlish romance had ended, she had been a patient helpmate to a man she merely respected. Religion had been her chief solace. The annual visit to her sister's gave the only relief to this motionless life, monotonous as the tides sweeping in and out of the cove; but now a counter-current slowly flowed into it.

Chip, of course, with her winsome eyes and grateful ways, was its mainspring, and so checkered had been her career and so humiliating all her past experiences, that now, escaped from dependence and feeling herself a valned companion, she tasted a new and joyous life. So true was this, that hard lessons at school, the regularity of church-going, and the unvarying tenor of it all seemed less by com-

parison. Another undercurrent, aside from Chip's devotion, also swept into Aunt Abby's feelings.—the strange emotions following the knowledge that her former lover was still alive. For many years she had waited and hoped for is sailor boy's return; then her heart had grown silent, as hope slowly ebbed, and then, almost forgetfulness -but not quite, however, for the long, lily-dotted mill-pond just above had now and then been visited by them. A certain curiously grown oak which was secluded near its upper end was once a trysting-place, and even the old mill with its splashing wheel held

memories. And now after 40 years, during which she had become gray-haired and slightly wrinkled, all these memories returned like ghosts of long ago. No word or hint of them fell from her lips, not even to Chip, who was now nearest to her: and yet had that girl been a mind-reader, she would have seen that Aunt Abby's persistent interest in all she had to tell about Old Cy meant scmething. Where he was now, how soon he would learn that his brother was still alive after all these years, was the one most pertinent subject

How Chip felt toward him, not alone for the heritage he had secured for her, but for other and more valued heart interests, need not be specified. He had seemed almost a father to her at the lake. He was the first of her new-found friends whose feelings had warmed toward her, and Chip was now mature enough to value these blessings at their true worth.

A certain mutual expectancy now entered the lives of Chip and Aunt Nothing could be done, however. Old Cy had gone out into the wide, wide world, as it were, searching for the little girl he loved. No manner of reaching him seemed possible; and yet, some day, he must learn what would bring him to them as fast

as steam could fetch him. "I know that he loved me as his own once in an exultant tone. "His going after me proves it; and once he hears where I am, he will hurry here, I

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## It was gladly recited by Martin, to-

Miles Behind a Steamer.

New York.-The Atlas liner Virginia, which has arrived in port from the West Indies, had an odd experience with whales on her way up the coast, according to Capt. Felix Zack and the passengers. Jogging along miles off the Capes of the Delaware.

parent size of the leader, to 40 feet, Chip, the half-breed's pursuit and ab- School of Leviathans Flounders Many the length of the smaller members in

the rear guard. The whales followed the Virginia from 11 o'clock Monday morning until four a. m. Tuesday, when the steamer was off Sandy Hook. Then the mammal headed east along the Long island coast.

King Barred from House Debates. The king of England labors under one curious disability. He may not listen to a debate in the house of commons. Admission to the legislative chamber, which is open to his lowif-

### EVANS' GREAT WORK

ENVIABLE RECORD OF REAR AD-MIRAL IN THE NAVY.

includes Service in Two Wars and exasperated father to his wife on one Two "Near Wars"-Retirement Due to Wound Received in the Civil War.

Francisco. - Rear Admiral Evans' two starred flag fluttered down the election on the builetin-board," from the main of the Connecticut in the bay here recently. In three months will then be able to look back on a as he came past not half an hour ago, he will retire from the active list and record which includes service in two and now can't tell me. wars, the civil and the Spanish-American: two "near wars," the Chilian imbroglio and the Bering sea sealing dispute; command of two fleets, the pute; command of two fleets, the and have done all my life, long before Asiatic and Atlantic, and accomplishment of the transfer of the latter forces ment of the transfer of the latter force from the Atlantic to the Pacific via panion. Magellan in the longest cruise ever attempted by a command of such size. As a flag officer he has had the most country squatters, in order to destroy important sea command during the kangaroos, used to dig huge pits at period that the new battleships were the corners of their paddocks, running organized into a fleet and brought the yards of calico along their wire fences new system of target practice to its and then drive the kangaroos into the present high stage of efficiency. He pits, clubbing and shooting them. In brings his service affoat to a close those days kangaroo skins were of no now because of ill health, which is partially due to the wound with which he tinct, there is a great demand for began his conspicuous career at Fort Fisher in the civil war.

His life at the naval academy was an entertaining account of study, discipline and occasional escapades, cut short by the civil war, which called the midshipmen into active service. Then came the landing party at Fort Fisher, when Ensign Evans was shot in the leg and lay for hours on the sand dunes. He was sent to a naval hospital, where a surgeon determined to amputate his leg, and was only dissuaded by a revolver in the hands of his equally determined patient, who



Rear Admiral Evans

preferred to limp as he has done. on that leg for 45 years rather than utilize a wooden limb. Another charm in the book was a peep behind the scenes which it gave to the reader. As commanding officer of the Yorktown the author remained in Chilian waters throughout the uncertain period following the Baltimore incident at Valparaiso. Here his role was diplomacy. placating the Chillans, but permitting them to see that the Yorktown meant business if trouble came. This was successful service and when the next ticklish job came along, the Bering sea sealing dispute, which also brought a war cloud, Commander Evans was senior officer present in the North Pacific.

He did well. His reputation was made and the path laid clear before him for command of the crack armored cruiser New York, which went to Europe and gave him opportunity, which he improved to become the friend of the emperor of Germany. After that he commanded the Indiana and at Santiago the Iowa. A gift for epigram had enabled "Fighting Bob" to epitomize certain situations in a manner which the public approved. His remark that in a certain contingency he "would have made Spanish the court language of hades" brought him no little popularity with the country at large.

Near the close of 1903, when the secession of Panama had raised a great rumpus in South America, Rear Admiral Evans was ordered to proceed to Honolulu, which he did at an average of more than 13 knots for the battleships, the oldest of which was the Oregon.

This was a most creditable perform-A year later Rear Admiral ance. Evans returned home, expecting duty on the lighthouse board, but Presi dent Roosevelt personally requested him to take command of the Atlantic fleet. He did so in March, 1905, It then consisted of six battleships. 1 now has 16.

The Atlantic fleet bad gone through a period of uncertain policy. Under Rear Admiral Higginson there were complaints that the men did not get enough liberty or privileges, and it is a fact that desertions were numerous and re-culistments few. Rear Admiral Barker filled in between the Higginson and Evans commands. The latter brought with him as chief of staff, Capt. J. E. Pillsbury, and the two took hold of the fleet with a firm grip. The men were promptly given as much liberty as possible, athletics of every description were encouraged, baseball and football leagues formed, regular schedules for boxing championships arranged in all classes, and rowing races were regularly held.

What She Liked. "I think the country is just sweet," said the town young lady. "I love to see the peasant returning to his humble cot, his sturdy figure outlined against the setting sun, his faithful collie at his side, and his plow upon his shoulder."-Royal Magazine.

"Has my boy been a little defender and been kind to dumb animals to-

Jay?" Yes, grandma. I let your canary ut of the cage, and when my cat aught it I set Towser on her."cyal Magazine

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Did Gentleman Really Had Very Little to Brag About,

"What has he forgotten new?"

Kangaroo as a Food.

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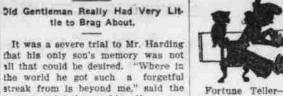
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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that edicace has been able to core in all lis stages, and that is extarch. Hail's Catarrh Gure is the only positive cure now known 10 the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, raquires a constitutional theatment. Hail's Catarrh Gure is taken internality acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The propletors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer the Gardens P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, C. Sold by all Bruggists, 70c. For thirty years Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearseems inclined to make you guess at ing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

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